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Newport Mercury.

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Poetry.

For the Mercury.

THE ANEMONE CAVES.

BY ELLEN.

Hushed, deep, and quiet, lie the caves,
The cradles of the restless sea;
Rarely by mortal gaze profaned,
The silent haunts of the anemone.

Dark close the rocks to shut them in,
The dashing waves their portals guard,
But tenderly and calm within,
The waters swell upon the emerald sward.

They ripple over the silver sand,
They gurgle through each deep crevices,
And change the coral on the rock
To living stars of snowy luciness.

Rememberance o'er there, of heaven,
Theondrous wears its azure hue;
With changeful light of green and brown,
The far-off sunbeam falls, and sparkles through.

Like thoughts in dreams, the shadows pass,
Of fish and swine in crimson glee;

But Queen 'id all the bright things there;
Is still the starry-crowned anemone.

So exquisitely soft and fair,
Upon the rug'd o'se they lie,

And spread around their living fring',
Like sea-wines in their purity.

Some faintly touched with pearl light,
The tinting of a baby's brow—

Some roses, rich and passionate,

Glowing with higher life than roses know.

Untroubled, peaceful and serene,
Untouched by wind or tempest's power,

They spread to life and happiness,

Or fold to rest, like buds at evening's hour.

Oh earth! why should thy loneliness pass?

Be thus with wondrous beauty rife;

There's not a rock or leaf but throbs

With sentient happiness, and love, and life

If not to utter o'er and o'er,

Thy witness to the faithful word,

Of Him whose hands have fashioned all,

Of life, and love, and joy, the only Lord.

If not to bid thy nobler race

Man, midst this turmoil, and this strife,

Seek endless life and happiness,

In Him who names himself, Eternal Life.

For the Mercury.

A TRIBUTE TO PERRY.

BY MRS. S. L. REED.

Let the hills of old Buckeye
Rejoice and be merry,
For she bears on her bosom
The statue of Perry.

Aname made immortal,

Forgotten, O, never;

It will live in the hearts

Of the grateful forever.

Let the emblem of freedom,

In majesty wave;

Over the hero of Erie,

The good and the brave.

Let his deeds be recorded,

As long as the sun,

Shall rise, or the earth

On its axis shall turn.

Now he peacefully sleeps,

In his low mossy bed,

Let all honor be paid.

To the heroic dead.

No granite is needed,

To tell of his fame,

This heard in the sound

Of his heroic name.

A nation in honor,

Have bow'd at his shrine,

Which bears no defect,

Through the vestige of time.

Useful Hints.

How PORT WINE IS MADE.—When all the grapes are in the wine-press, the first thing to be done is to drag them well with wooden rakes, to separate some of the stalks. Then all the men took up their trousers and jump in. At my friend's farm a tub of water was ostentatiously set by the side of the press. I suspect, however, that this was a concession to the prejudice of visitors, for it did not go to the extent of actual abolition.—Nobody used the tub of water, all seeming to have a supreme contempt for cleanliness. The scene inside the press is very animated. Twenty or thirty brown-faced, black-bearded tattered malions, up to their knees in the purple juice, smoke, sing, quarrel, dance and scream, half mad with excitement, for to them this is the crowning event of the year. Every now and then they cry for brandy, which the farmer furnishes. It is the pure white spirit as it has run from the still, and very strong. As it begins to take effect, the singing becomes louder, and the dancing, which within the press is the desired work, fast and furious. A general fight often ensues, in which the long guns sometimes play their part. When all the juice is trodden from the grapes, a plug is drawn. The must runs through into a smaller tank, whence it is carried in buckets to the tank, containing four or five pipes each, there to ferment.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

MAGGIE MIRRORS.—When a person looks into a mirror that is placed perpendicular to another, his face will appear entirely deformed. If the mirror is a little inclined, so as to make an angle of 80°, he will then see all the parts his face except the nose and forehead. If he is inclined to 80°, he will appear with three noses and six eyes; in short, the apparent deformity will vary at each degree of inclination; and when the glass comes to 45°, the face will vanish. If, instead of placing the two mirrors in this situation, they are disposed that the line of junction vertical, their different inclinations will produce other effects.

TO MAKE TOMATO CATEUP.—As the time is at hand for enjoying this favorite sauce, the following is a very good receipt for preparing it for future use: To a half bushel of skinned tomatoes, add one quart of good vinegar, one pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of black pepper, two ounces of African cayenne, a quarter of a pound of allspice, six onions, one ounce of cloves, and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine sieve or coarse cloth, and bottle it for use. Many persons omit the vinegar in this preparation.

Selected Tale.

A SOJOURN AT NEWPORT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Mother," said John Jones, (we shall call our hero thus, though it was not his right name,) to his wife, one morning, the first of last June, while they were sitting at the breakfast table—"Mother, I'm going to take a tower."

"A what?" queried his wife, setting down the coffee cup and proceeding to help John Jones Jr. and little Sallie Jones to hot muffins. "Bad things for children, by the way."

"I have got the hoeing all done; the sheep are sheared and the oxen turned out to pasture; and I mean to rest a week or two and enjoy myself. It's a long spell since I had a holiday and I'm bound to be as big as Squire Morgan and his tribe!" They go to Newport every summer and I'm going too. The Squire's gone to Saratoga, this time and it's a pity if Beavenville can't send one person to Newport. And I intend to be that person."

"To Newport!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "why, John, it's on the other side of the world almost; it will cost a heap of money!" Cries and burrahs, long and loud smote the air.

"There he is! There is the gallant colonel. A speech! a speech!"

Mr. Jones, shivering in his short shirt, and peaked night cap, was the target of a hundred pair of eyes, for the court yard was full of people.

"Goodness me!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones—"don't go, John. Your appetite is tremendous, now!"

"Keep your opinions to yourself!" cried the woman—and if you don't take it back I'll try the thickness of your pelt! See if I don't!"

She drew forth a green hide whip from the folds of her raglan, and flourished it threateningly before Jones' eyes.

"Anything. Go in Colonel, we are listening!"

"It's a lie! A bare-faced lie!" cried Mr. Jones to himself—then in louder tone,—"a speech, my friends? On what shall I speak?"

"No retreat, Colonel! Never mind your toilet!" cried the multitude, a speech!

"A speech, goodness me!" ejaculated Mr. Jones to himself—then in louder tone,—"a speech, my friends? On what shall I speak?"

"Keep your opinions to yourself!"

"It's a lie! A bare-faced lie!" cried the woman—and if you don't take it back I'll try the thickness of your pelt! See if I don't!"

She drew forth a green hide whip from the folds of her raglan, and flourished it threateningly before Jones' eyes.

"My dear Madam, I never saw you before in my life!"

"It's a lie! A bare-faced lie!" cried the woman—and if you don't take it back I'll try the thickness of your pelt! See if I don't!"

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